

Sympathy for the Devil

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Summary: [AU, Romance] Nine years after her uncle's sentencing to life in prison, Jamie Lloyd is ready to face her demons, one at a time. Michael simply waits, unable to name his new emotions or even decipher his dreams. And in the shadows waits a man in black...

## 1. I Inside The Walls

### Author's Introduction

This is an \*\*Alternate Universe \*\*story, based around Halloween I through V; however, the end of Halloween V leaves Michael well on the way to a maximum security prison, Jamie safe and sound with her soon-to-be ex-foster parents, and Tina alive. This means that the events of movies VI through Resurrection have not happened. The story is set in 1998 - the same year as H20, for those of you paying attention - and I am under the assumption that Loomis was correct when he called Jamie nine years old in V. There are two original characters, though I don't know how long either will be around.

\*\*Disclaimer:\*\* I do not own Halloween, blah blah blah, Michael, Tina, and Jamie (c) their respective creators, Valerie and Chloe are (c) me, they are fictitious characters and any resemblance to people, places or objects is simply coincidence, etcetera etcetera. \*\*We will be dealing with Michael as well as his emotions\*\*, and no doubt once I get my copy of the Halloween novelization, I'll be incorporating some of those ideas into his characterization. (Seriously, any novel that talks about him getting all hot and bothered by Annie is A-OK in my book!)

Sorry for the ramble, but I like to do so on occasion. Hopefully the Author's Notes will be at a minimum for this fic. Read, enjoy, and let me know what you think.

\* \* \*

><p><strong><em>Sympathy For The Devil<br> \_\*\*\_"Somehow, our devils are never quite what we expect when we meet them face to face."  
> <em>-Nelson DiMille

\* \* \*

>Michael is in chains.<p><p>

His arms, previously free for battle, are held by thick metal links to a medical table, feet bound in similar fashion. The table, tilted to a near ninety-degree angle, allows him to see only darkness â€“ though he does not need his eyes to see that he is not alone. All around him are people; hundreds of them stare at him in sick fanatical awe. They view him as a saint. A being beyond humanity.

He cannot free himself.

A voice from his past whispers around him, hissing and pleading for him to do this one last thing. Just for him.

He can rest then.

Something â€“ a feeling unknown to him â€“ curls in the pit of his stomach.

Now his eyes are focusing and he can see, beyond the multitude of pathetic worshipers, that there is a woman. She seems to be behind water, her form wavering and slightly blurred.

She reaches towards him, and says in a voice he should recognize, he knows he should, but cannot:

"I'm coming, Michael."

Michael Myers wakes up after this moment, every time without fail.

He is bound in a straight-jacket he does not feel the need to destroy, held to the wall behind him with chains he cannot break. His eyes, peering through the wide slits in his pale mask, are always focused ahead of him. Beyond the door of his cell, beyond the walls of the maximum security penitentiary, he can feel the woman calling.

That unfamiliar emotion twists his stomach and, if he were any other person, he would be heaving against the cold cement floor.

Michael Myers, however, is not any other person. He isn't even sure if he is, indeed, a person at all.

The door opens and though he does not flinch at the sudden light, his eyes dilate and readjust their focus from the reoccurring dream-woman to the reoccurring woman in reality, who comes in every day to give him tranquilizers that do not last and pills that do not work.

"Good morning, Michael," she says in a deceptively pleasant tone, "How was your nap?"

"I don't get why you talk to the fucker, Chloe. He doesn't even

understand you."

Chloe, the penitentiary's best and most compassionate nurse, doesn't even glance at the security guard who has spoken. She is always accompanied by no less than ten guards when she visits Michael, who doesn't think ten is nearly enough.

"He's perfectly capable of understanding me. He's not stupid, Jon. He's just..."

"An animal?"

Chloe does not respond and instead gives the silent Michael his shot â€“ he doesn't even twitch as the needle pierces his skin â€“ and then feeds him a series of pills using an elongated mechanical device that inserts the medicine into his mouth for him to swallow.

He swallows without complaint. Michael Myers never complains.

"He's not an animal," Chloe sighs, returning to the security guards.

The door is closed and Michael doesn't hear Jon's response, though he knows what it will be.

Michael returns to the dream-woman and does the one thing he has become very good at doing.

He waits.

\* \* \*

>Michael is in chains. <p>He is a distant character in a strange and terrifying nightmare, bound to a medical table and forced to look out onto the hundreds of strangers all praising his deeds and calling him a saint.<p>

A voice she doesn't know calls out for his blood, for him to do this one last thing. Just for them.

Then he can rest.

Though his shape is wavering in her vision, and though his expression is blurred and unintelligible, she can feel his fear.

She reaches out and calls, "I'm coming, Michael!"

Jamie Lloyd wakes up after this moment every time, without fail.

The dream terrifies her.

Maybe not the dream itself â€“ but the feelings in it do. Her own fear... not for herself, but for her own uncle â€“ the one whose actions have placed her in this life of paranoia, pills, and therapy sessions.

How can she worry about the wellbeing of the man who has killed everyone she's known and loved?

"Jamie? You up yet, hon?"

Almost everyone.

Tina is standing in her doorway, grinning at her so easily that Jamie wonders if she even remembers that her uncle is the boogeyman.

Of course she does. She's only reminded of it every day. She's the one who created an online group for people who had run into people like Michael; she's the one with the scar from where he stabbed her in the shoulder; she's the one with the book out. I Spent Halloween With Michael Myers, by Tina Williams.

Jamie would've written the forward if she could think of the night without breaking into a cold sweat. The therapy helps to make that the only thing that happens.

Seeing him kneeling there in the cell... drawing chain through his hand as though knowing it was only temporary...

She knows that he'll be in a prison halfway across the country for the rest of his life â€“ a place even he can't escape, not without a weapon or a plan.

"Jamie, you're gonna be late. Just because it's almost summer doesn't mean you can bail."

Jamie sighs and struggles into her clothes, running a brush through her long hair just enough to keep the stray strands out of her way.

A horn honks outside the apartment and Jamie leans out the window, waving in exasperation at the black truck parked below.

"Valerie never comes in," Tina complains in jest as Jamie comes into the living room.

"Well, you creep her out." Jamie grins and adds, "You know â€“ you're too happy, Tina. She's..."

"Yeah, yeah. Well, she'll grow out of it. Teenage angst is only fun for a while."

Jamie checks herself in the mirror and double-checks her backpack.

"Oh no! Where's my math-"

She spins to search for her book and finds Tina grinning at her, holding it out.

The truck honks again and they both roll their eyes.

"Hurry up, Jamie. Don't leave Val waiting, or she'll leave."

Jamie nods, slips on her shoes, and waves over her shoulder as she shuts the door and heads down the small flight of steps into the parking lot.

Sometimes, Jamie wonders if Valerie would be her friend if she still lived with her foster parents. Not that it matters.

The Carruthers are nice people, really great parents, but they had been Rachel's parents first.

It is, really, Jamie's fault that Rachel had died. She, not Rachel, is the niece of Michael Myers. She had brought him to Haddonfield after ten years.

But Tina didn't hold that against her. And since she had been a legal adult at the time...

"Hey, girl, the hell are you so down for?"

Jamie jerks and looks into the cab of the truck, unaware that she had walked all this way. "No reason. Just..."

"Thinking," Valerie and Jamie chorus, prompting both to grin.

"Well, get the hell in! We're gonna be late."

Jamie doesn't know if Valerie is really the kind of girl Jamie would normally be friends with. Despite her blonde hair and bright brown eyes, she's more of a weirdo to most kids at school than even Jamie.

Jamie, whose uncle was the Boogeyman.

"I heard the new Slayer album was coming out soon," Jamie says once she's sure she probably won't die from Valerie's reckless driving.

The girls take off with screeching tires, the speedometer hitting forty before they're even out of the parking lot.

"Yeah â€“ it's gonna be totally awesome."

Valerie is wearing a black tee with a white silhouette ironed on the front â€“ a Frank Sinatra shirt she had bought off a street vendor downtown a few weeks ago.

"You know that you have to wash that shirt sometime," Jamie adds, wrinkling her nose a little.

"Yeah, well, I will once I'm done mourning."

Valerie isn't a bad person, and Jamie's been reassured of the fact hundreds of times â€“ mostly when she takes five extra side streets in order to avoid Lampkin Lane and the Old Myers House. She likes bands that Jamie really doesn't â€“ heavy metal and speed metal and all the other types of metal â€“ and her record time without a shower is two weeks, but Valerie isn't bad.

No matter what anyone tells Jamie, she's sure that if things had been different, she would still love to be Valerie's friend.

They had only met because of similar interests; that is, they were both hiding in the permanently "Under Maintenance" girl's bathroom on the second floor of the Haddonfield High.

Jamie had been ducking out of the hallways to avoid one group of kids

who took an obscene amount of pleasure in reminding her of her family tree " Valerie had been ducking out to have a cigarette and avoid the hassle of dealing with some girls who loved to get her in trouble.

"You're that... girl. Right? Jamie."

Jamie had known that the girl wanted nothing more to say, "Your uncle is Michael Myers," but surprisingly, she had refrained.

"I'm Valerie. Want a cig?"

Jamie had declined but they had stayed in there for the seven and a half minutes it took for Valerie to finish her smoke. They walked back to class together " neither willing to part company with the other, even though hanging out together definitely put the last nail in both of their social coffins.

"Valerie, you know you're great, right?" Jamie asks, looking with wide eyes to the girl who had just run three consecutive red lights and pulled into the school parking lot with one minute to spare before the second bell.

"Babe, everyone knows I'm great." Valerie taps the side of her nose and says, "That's why they're so afraid."

\* \* \*

>Michael is in chains. <p>The dream is different now " he has never had it during the afternoon. He is still bound, still silent, still staring into the dark filled with people praising him, but...<p>

The woman is not there.

His stomach churns and he hears the voice, chanting in a strange language unknown to him. He can't help but gaze to where the woman normally is "

What will happen, now that she is not here to wake him?

A face he recognizes from his youth appears and his stomach aches now, a painful and distressing feeling.

The chanting voice is now echoed by hundreds of worshippers.

"Samhain."

"Samhain."

"Let it in, Michael."

"Let it in!"

Michael now recognizes that previously unknown feeling:

Fear.

\* \* \*

>Michael is not awake when Chloe and her ten body guards come to give him his afternoon shot. That alone is enough to worry the nurse, who does not feel right doping him up while he's still out " 

His eyes roll under closed lids, and she's never seen him like this.<p>

"What are you doing\_?" Jon exclaims as she reaches up and pulls the mask off for the second time during his stay.

His face is not grotesque. Not to Chloe, anyway, who has seen far worse at crime scenes; it makes one man shout, "Holy mother of God!"

He is scarred, though not nearly as heavily as he should be.

He is burned, but not nearly as badly as he should be.

Michael Myers opens his eyes and stares at the nurse, who stares back in shock.

He mouths a single word and closes his eyes, sagging in his restraints and falling into unconsciousness.

The guards call for help and Chloe gazes up to Michael.

She manages a weak, terrified smile.

"That's right, Michael. Chloe.

\* \* \*

>"So, Jamie, what are your plans for summer?" 

Jamie jerks in her seat and stares at Mr. Snyder. He's a nice old man and he always makes her feel relatively comfortable in his class " namely, by never calling on her " but today she's pushed her luck. She had almost dozed off, since the conversation has turned from Physics to summer, and she guesses he must've not liked that much.<p>

Or maybe he's just trying to make her feel a part of the conversation.

"Jamie?"

"Probably gonna go hang out with her favorite uncle," one boy chuckles from the back of the class, earning giggles all around.

Jamie stares straight ahead.

"I'm..."

Valerie nudges her with a pen.

"I'm staying in."

Mr. Snyder is nice enough to let her go after that, and moves on to another.

"Your uncle not up for a visit, Jamie?" the boy asks quietly, practically breathing into her hair.

"Fuck off, Paul," Valerie responds for Jamie, who is still staring straight ahead.

"Bet you're gonna take Val here with you. I bet she totally gets off on the fact that your uncle's a mass murderer."

The boys on either side of Paul chuckle dumbly.

Paul is still quiet as he looks to Valerie, "Isn't that right? Bet that's the only reason you're friends with creepy Jamie."

"Shut the fuck up," Valerie hisses.

One of the other boys says in a high, sing-song voice, "Creepy Jamie's only friend wants to fuck the Boogeyman!"

"Stop it!"

The room falls silent as everyone turns to stare at Jamie, whose eyes are shut tight, and she shouts, "Just stop it!"

She leaps from her chair as Valerie touches her shoulder and sobs loudly, running from the class as quickly as she can.

Just like in the hallways of elementary school, when they would all chant, "Jamie's uncle's the Boogeyman!"

Only this time, when she bursts through the front doors of the school, Rachel isn't there to pick her up and take her to get ice cream.

Instead, she's alone.

Alone, alone, alone.

"Don't listen to Paul, Jamie."

The girl whirls to face Valerie, who is standing under the cement overhang, lighting up a cigarette.

"Let's blow off the rest of Snyder's class, okay? He's cool with it. We are only a week away from graduating."

Jamie nods and, when her friend half-heartedly offers her the pack of cigarettes, she takes one and lights up without hesitation.

"Say, Valerie..." Jamie looks through the smoke between them and asks, "Can we go get some ice cream?

\* \* \*

>"You know I don't... I'm not your friend just because no one else is, Jamie." <p>Jamie looks to Valerie and forces a smile that she knows the other needs. "I know. You're friends with me because no one else will be friends with <em>you<em>."

Valerie laughs and steals the cherry off of Jamie's sundae, popping it into her mouth. "That Paul, though. He's a fucking asshole. We should... slash his tires or something."

"That's the last thing we should do," Jamie sighs, stealing Valerie's shake and taking a long gulp. "That'd be a violent act. Since I'm related to a psychopath, violent acts and I just don't get along in the eyes of the law."

"Fuck the law!"

Valerie and Jamie wince and duck their heads as they realize that Deputy Jones is sitting on the other side of the parlor, and hope that he doesn't notice them ditching school.

"Anyway. I say we go see a movie or something. Fuck sitting around doing nothing."

"Valerie... you sit and do nothing when you watch a movie."

"Well, it's the thought that counts, you know?" Valerie leans back and looks around, completely at ease. "Let's do something, Jamie! I'm bored."

"Drink your shake and quit complaining. I'm not... really in the mood for movies."

"You've been out of it all day." Valerie pushes her shake to the side and asks, quietly, "Are you okay?"

"It's... it's nothing. I'm just..."

Jamie knows that Valerie will understand if she explains, but at the same time...

Telling someone means she can't forget about it. Someone else will know. It'll be real.

"...I've been having... weird dreams. Just lately, for the last few weeks."

Valerie looks uneasy and Jamie isn't surprised â€“ when your friend has survived a horribly traumatic experience, the last thing you want to hear are their dreams about it.

"Well? What are they about?"

That's why Valerie is a good person. Jamie smiles, if a bit shakily.

"It's really only one. I... I'm standing across this big, black room... and there're all these people. And..."

Gotta tell her. If not her, then who? Tina will just write it off as a nightmare.

"...On the other side of the room is... him."

Valerie nods slowly, eyes wide and transfixed on something just beyond Jamie's left ear.

"He's... tied down, or something. I can't see him really well. But... but then, there's this voice... and it's telling him to do

\_something\_ " I never \_understand\_ it, though." Jamie doesn't want to continue but finds herself unable to stop. "He's... Valerie... He's \_terrified\_."

Valerie jerks and stares into Jamie's eyes.

"You mean... M-Myers? Terrified?"

"It's... I don't know. I can't see his face, but... you know how dreams are." Jamie shudders, "They always feel worse than they look."

"What happens in them? These " dreams. Does anything happen?"

Jamie shakes her head. "That's just it " nothing happens. I... I reach out to him, but I always wake up. It's so \_weird\_."

"I don't know. That sounds... that's really creepy, Jamie."

The girl sighs and draws her spoon through the melting sundae. "Yeah. There's a reason they call me creepy Jamie."

"Seriously, \_fuck\_ them. They can call you whatever they want, but if they had been in your situation, you know as well as I do they would've shit themselves. They're just... jealous!"

Jamie stares at her friend and echoes weakly, "Jealous?"

"Of you. Don't you realize? You \_survived\_, Jamie. You survived, and you're not comatose in a fucking bed somewhere. You're out, about, eating ice cream and relaxing a few days before you graduate from high school! You even got accepted to Lafayette! Do you realize how good a school that is?"

Jamie looks to her sundae " what's left of it, at least " and nods. "I guess."

"Man, Jamie! I wish I could be \_half\_ as badass as you! I don't know \_anyone\_ at that damned school who would've survived the \_first\_ night " much less all the way to their eighteenth birthday!"

"...I'm not that strong, Val..." Jamie sighs and shakes her head. "I'm not strong at all. I can't even hand out candy at Halloween " \_hell\_, the little kids in costumes \_scare\_ me! We have to take at \_least\_ five side-streets to get to school because of me... and damn it, I turned down a good college in Oregon because I can't fly over Colorado " just because \_that's where he is\_. I'm paranoid all the time, constantly afraid that..."

"You're better than you were when I first met you. Therapy does lots."

The girl sighs. "So do lobotomies... And I think that would be a lot easier on me."

Valerie looks around and then leans in, eyes set on Jamie's and expression serious and a little frightened.

"Jamie. If... If you want " I'm not saying we should, but if you want... We can... you know. Go there."

"...G-Go...?"

"To the house."

Jamie feels as though someone's dumped a bucket of ice water over her head. Valerie is " she's just like all the others " she just wants one good scare from Jamie "

"I don't mean it like " no!" Valerie grabs Jamie's hands and holds them tight, forcing her to stay in her seat. "I don't mean it like, we go in. Just go see it. So you can... I don't know. They always say facing your fears helps you beat them. I don't want you to if you don't want to, but I'm willing to. That place freaks me out, you know... You're not the only reason I avoid Lampkin."

Jamie stares Valerie down but the other doesn't look away, doesn't blush or stammer more excuses. Valerie doesn't do that " she says what she wants to say and then she waits.

She's good at waiting.

And that fact makes Jamie think about Michael, who is also so good at waiting "

She can't live like this anymore. Lampkin is just a street; the house is just a house. Valerie is not Michael. Not everyone is the Boogeyman waiting to get her.

"Alright," Jamie says, standing suddenly, "Let's go. Let's go to the house."

Valerie finishes her shake and stands as well; they walk to the truck parked at the curb. After they climb in and she turns on the engine, Valerie says, quietly, "I'm your friend, Jamie, and I'm not going to trick you."

Jamie looks straight ahead as they take off towards forty-five Lampkin Lane.

"I know."

\* \* \*

> <div>

## 2. II Summer Plans

\*\*Author's Note:\*\* Please forgive the unusual amount of dialogue this fic seems to have... Most of the descriptors would be lame and uninteresting, so I figure we should stick to the meat. The next chapter should have... well, at least a little more description and action. Thank you for continuing, and please remember to review if you have anything to say at all!

\* \* \*

><p><em>Is everybody in? The ceremony is about to begin.<br> Wake up!  
> You can't remember where it was...<br> Had this dream stopped?\*\*:  
> <strong>\_ - "Awake Ghost," by The Doors  
\* \* \*

>Forty-five Lampkin Lane is an absolute eyesore. Everyone in Haddonfield agrees: the town would be much better off without the battered, run down house. <p>But they never tear it down. They never even put the idea up for vote in town hall, because of one simple, undeniable truth:<p>

Forty-five Lampkin Lane is Michael Myers' home, and no one knows if he would come back and slaughter everyone if they were to take the place down. No one, for obvious reasons, wants to chance it.

Jamie has special memories of this house; she knows it better than most people living in Haddonfield. She knows just how far the laundry chute drops; she knows just how easy the doors can be broken; she knows just what resided in that house for so long, without anyone realizing it until Judith Myers was stabbed to death.

They are sitting in Valerie's parked truck, and both of them are staring at the creepy old Myers place. The lawn is bare except for weeds and there's a sign plastered to the boarded up front window:

\*\*Caution:  
> Unsafe Conditions<br> Do Not Enter\*\*

Even the contractors refuse to enter the house. That sign should be behind glass.

"Jamie?"

Jamie jerks in her seat and turns to look at Valerie.

"Are you okay?"

The girl looks back to the house and finds herself wondering...

"I'm... I'm okay. Come on."

They climb out of the truck and cautiously make their way onto the porch. Valerie is looking for falling beams or crumbling foundations; Jamie is looking for her uncle.

"Jamie, what are you-"

She finds herself pulling the front door open, ignoring Valerie's small gasp.

The house is dustier than she remembers, and completely bare. There's dried blood on the floor from when Michael sliced Loomis across the chest... Jamie forces herself to look away and steps rather boldly into the house, wandering to the main foyer and looking around, turning in place and taking it in.

"Y-You know," Valerie mumbles, "W-With a little paint..."

"This place could be... nice."

The two grin at each other and Jamie knows now that the house is just a house.

The two wander through the house, and Jamie remembers racing to find a way to get out, when Michael was still chasing her " but now, now it's just an old house. Michael isn't here, and Loomis isn't using her for bait.

There's a heavy thump and the two whirl in place, looking from the old fireplace to the kitchen.

A white mask gleams in the dim light and the Boogeyman appears, stalking forward with a death grip around a butcher knife.

Valerie screams in real terror, and Jamie chokes on her own breath.

Her eyes narrow and with a strength she didn't know she had, she storms forward and lands a clean right hook to the Boogeyman's face, sending him reeling with a loud swear.

She punches him again in the stomach and his exclamation is cut off with a whoosh of air " he falls to his knees.

"You are not my uncle."

Jamie kicks out, catches him in the jaw, and sends him spiraling into the dust.

She puts a foot on his chest, presses down, and rips off his mask.

Paul's nose is bloody and she can tell she's knocked out a tooth.

"J-J-Jesus CHRIST!"

Valerie storms over and kicks Paul between the legs, making him whine and writhe on the dusty floor.

"Are you  fucking insane? What the fuck are you doing? What are you, some kind of fucking psycho?"

"He's not a psycho," Jamie says evenly, glaring with pure malice at Paul, who is staring at her in fright, "He's just a silly little boy who thinks it's funny to tease a girl who can kick his ass."

He whimpers as she kneels down on his chest, throwing the mask at him. "Thanks, Paul. That felt good."

She stands, walks to Valerie, and says, "C'mon, Val. Let's go see if Tina wants to see a movie or something." Her fists are shaking and she's trembling now, but she refuses to let that stop her from throwing a dazzling smile back at Paul. "I'll tell my uncle how much fun you had dressing up like him! I'm so sure he'll be

amused."

The two girls get halfway to the truck before they start stumbling, grabbing onto each other to keep from falling down as their legs turn to rubber.

"Oh fuck," Valerie whispers once they're inside the cab and pulling away from the curb, "He's gonna be so fucking... I'm gonna fucking kill him." She then stares at Jamie. "Did you... Did you know that was â€“ that it was just Paul?"

Jamie doesn't answer for a while, and then she whispers, "No."

She's surprised when her friend breaks out into a huge grin. "Do you realize what that means, Jamie?"

"W-What?"

Valerie claps her hands together in excitement and exclaims, "You just laid Michael Myers out!"

Jamie stares at her grinning friend and realizes that, if that had really been her uncle, neither of them would be driving away.

"Yeah," she says, forcing a grin, "Yeah... I guess it does."

\* \* \*

>Michael Myers stares out over the heads of worshipers and feels nothing. <p>He does not know how long he has been chained to the table; he does not know where he is, nor does he know if he'll ever escape. The chains are tight and the table thick. The voices are chanting, have been forever, and he thinks that maybe, <em>maybe<em> he should give in â€“

The familiar rage builds in the back of his mind and he fights it off viciously. It will not be the rage that decides when he will give up control â€“ only he can do that!

"Let it in!" they chant.

He will not do what they ask simply because they worship him.

"Michael," the voice calls, "Do you remember Jamie?"

The crowd hisses in response to the name.

"Do you remember what you must do to her?"

He is silent.

The crowd cheers, "Kill her!"

He wonders where the woman is

\* \* \*

>Jamie stares at her Physics book. <p>Really, she should be studying

something else â€“ she's been on Physics for four hours now â€“ but she needs a good grade to cement herself in Lafayette's class of 2002. She needs to study.<p>

Her mind wanders over the last few days. Paul looks horrible, his lip busted up and his nose bruised and swelling, but she had heard him telling his friends that he had simply slipped down some stairs.

"Lucky I didn't break my neck," he told them.

That kind of redeems him in her eyes.

Valerie considers their trip to the house a success and spends her time talking about Slayer and Opeth and other bands Jamie doesn't like, but the girl has cemented her place in Jamie's heart, once and for all. And, really, the trip has done her good.

Last night, she had talked to Tina for the first time about her book â€“ specifically, the book's contents. She even asked if, for the next reprint, she could write something for it.

"Of course! They've been talking another run, actually. It's doing good on the charts â€“ can you believe it? Almost nine years later and people are still buying it!"

Jamie does believe it. The book is, after all, being used as required texts for Psychology classes all over the country â€“ hell, even out of the country. She has a copy of it lying under her bed. She's not ready to read it â€“ not quite yet â€“ but she will be, before too long.

She's going to leave Haddonfield and go to a place where people won't automatically associate her with bad things.

She calls it a night and closes her book â€“ if she fails the final tomorrow, it's not so bad. She can probably worm her way into another college somewhere else. Or, maybe, just spend a year traveling.

She's always wanted to go to California.

Her bed is warm and inviting and she flops into it comfortably, in her sweats and completely at ease for the first time in forever. Her dreams haven't even involved her uncle â€“ they've been about her showing up to class in her underwear, or about her kissing some nameless guy on a beach.

Normal teenage dreams, she thinks happily, closing her eyes and relaxing.

\* \* \*

>Michael is terrified. <p>She can feel it even though he's as blurry and motionless as ever. If she were to rip his mask off right now, he would be screaming.<p>

"I'm coming!"

She reaches out to grab him and then freezes as the voice echoes

through the room, talking to Michael.

"Don't you remember?"

Hisses from the crowd.

"Don't you remember that you have a mission?"

He stares and is petrified.

"\_Kill her!\_" the crowd screams.

His eyes focus â€“ her eyes focus â€“ and he stares at her with blank eyes.

"\_Kill her!\_"

Michael tilts his head and his eyes suddenly cry out, \_It's \*\*you\*\*.\_

"\_Kill her!\_"

The voice suddenly snarls, "Michael!" â€“ but her uncle pays it no attention, holding Jamie's gaze in his own.

"\_Our savior!\_"

"He isn't your \_savior\_!" Jamie cries, and the entire room is silent.

Michael is no longer blurry around the edges â€“ he is absolutely clear, completely visible, and she can now see the heads turning to look at her.

"He isn't a \_saint\_!"

She finds herself walking forward, over the heads of hundreds of worshippers.

He is staring and she keeps his gaze.

"He's a murderer!"

"\_Mur\_\_derer\_," the crowd whispers in awe.

"A psychopath!"

"\_Psychopath.\_"

She finds herself so close to him that she could rip off his mask â€“

"A \_demon\_!"

"\_Demon!\_" the crowd roars.

She reaches out, clutches white latex, and pulls.

His mouth is wide and he is screaming

\* \* \*

>Jamie finds herself awake and shrieking. 

Tina rushes to her bed and grabs her shoulders, shaking her once. "Jamie!" she cries, "Jamie, what's wrong?"

She's sobbing now, and so the older woman pulls her into her arms, smoothing out her hair. "Hon, come on... what happened?"

"I... I... He's so scared."

Tina stiffens around Jamie and leans back, holding the girl at arm's length.

"Who's scared, honey?"

"M-M-Michael!"

Tina's eyes widen and she stares at Jamie in shock. "What?" What do you mean... Jamie, are you " are you having those dreams again?"

Tina isn't talking about the ones she's been having lately. She means the dreams that first brought Michael to Haddonfield, nine years ago. The ones Doctor Loomis wanted to hear. The ones where she was Michael, and he was her.

"N-N-No. Not... Not really."

"Then... Then what is it, honey? Come on. You can tell me, you know that, right?"

Jamie does know. And so she tells Tina everything she can remember " from this night's dream, and the dreams before it.

Tina watches her as she cries into her comforter and doesn't know how to help.

She hasn't had dreams like that. She's only had dreams that relived the night " she has that dream all the time. But Jamie's telling her this " this freaky story, of Myers chained up and scared?

"It... It's just a dream, honey," Tina says, unconvincingly.

"I knew you'd say that," Jamie sniffs, looking up with red-rimmed eyes. "I want them to be just dreams."

"Jamie... You've been under a lot of stress. With finals coming up, and graduation " and you're starting to move past that whole... night. It's okay for you to have bad dreams! Hell, I'd be more worried if you weren't."

Jamie stares and Tina looks away.

And then, Tina's little girl says something that scares her to death.

"After graduation... I'm going to see him."

Tina turns back and gazes at Jamie fearfully.

"Jamie... you â€“ you can't just go see him... he's..."

"I have to know. That he's..."

Don't say okay, Tina prays, \*\*Please\*\* don't say okay...\_

"That he's not coming back."

She exhales loudly and looks at Jamie for a while.

"Are... Are you sure?"

"Tina â€“ I have to. I got over the house by going there with Val â€“ we went there a few days ago," she tells the stricken woman, "We went and one of the boys tried to scare us, dressing up like M-Michael -"

"Oh my God-!"

"But I kicked his ass, Tina!" Jamie exclaims, "I thought he was â€“ and I still knocked him down! I need to see him, for real. I need to... to get rid of this. I can't keep... looking over my shoulder. I can't keep having these dreams."

"Jamie... if you're... If you're sure. If you're really going â€“ I'm not going to stop you."

Jamie sighs in relief. "Thank you, Tina."

"I'm going with you."

Jamie gasps and stares at Tina, "What â€“ no, you can't-!"

"I am coming with you, Jamie Lloyd. You're not the only one who wants to get over this."

The two stare at each other and then, finally, Jamie nods.

"All right. Okay. We're going."

"After graduation."

"During summer."

"Okay."

They sit there in silence for a while longer, both dreading their new plan

\* \* \*

>June fourteenth is a warm, mild day in Haddonfield â€“ perfect weather for the graduation ceremony taking place at Haddonfield High.  
<p>Jamie sits next to Valerie, who has blown off the seating assignments to sit next to her, and smiles as the last few seniors are called. This is it.<p>

Freedom.

They all throw their hats at the end of the ceremony, as is tradition, but the only one to get back their own hat is Jamie.

Paul is holding out to her, smiling kind of awkwardly. Valerie is on edge but Jamie smiles back, taking her hat and placing it as easily on her head as she can, considering the awkward design.

"Nice... pumpkin," the boy says weakly, pointing to the little pumpkin pin on the end of her tassel. She had put it there herself, as a way to metaphorically pin her post-graduation plans to herself.

"...Thanks," she responds, trying to be calm but finding herself ready to hit him. He's still an asshole, she thinks.

"I... Um. I'm..." He rubs the back of his head and then says, loud enough so that the people around them can hear, "I'm really sorry. For, you know... being such a dick. It was... I'm really sorry."

Valerie is glaring at him and so he adds, "And I'm sorry that I said all that stuff in class. About you and... well. I mean, I'm sorry."

Jamie crosses her arms. "I could have killed you," she finally says. "I thought you were" I didn't realize you weren't him. I could have killed you."

"I... I know. That's why... Um. I'm sorry. I don't mean it like" I mean. I'm just sorry. I was trying to... be an asshole."

"Paul!"

The boy looks over his shoulder to see a group of girls waving him over, and he looks back at the two in front of him, fingers twitching along the rim of his cap.

"I'm not forgiving you," Jamie snaps, feeling as though the other is waiting for something.

"What" no! I don't... I don't want you" well, I do want you to forgive me. But I know you won't. Not now, anyways. Maybe later. I'll..."

"Paul!"

"Go to your groupies," Valerie says, "Quit while you still have something to say."

Paul winces and backs away.

"I'm sorry, Jamie."

He turns and heads over to his friends, bright and smiling.

Jamie and Valerie exchange looks.

"Yeah, right," Jamie finally grins, and together they go to find

Tina.

\* \* \*

>That woman is his niece. <p>Michael stares through the dark and tries to see â€“ is she still there? He can't tell. She disappeared so suddenly.<p>

The new chant is echoing through the dark:

"\_Mur\_\_derer, psychopath, demon!\_"

"Do you see now, Michael?" the voice asks, "Do you see now? She doesn't love you, like Judith did."

Hisses.

"She calls you a murderer."

"\_Mur\_\_derer!\_"

"A psychopath."

"\_Psychopath!\_"

"She even called you a demon, Michael."

The crowd shouts.

Michael stares and hopes to catch some glimpse of her. Hopes that he can find out if she was telling the truth.

Was he really a murderer?

He had killed many people. By definition, he assumes, he would be a murderer.

A psychopath?

He doesn't know what a psychopath is. Not really. They use that word... all the time. He never understands its meaning.

Was he really a demon?

"\_Demon!\_"

Michael hopes that she will come back, to perhaps give them something new to chant... because the accusations they are throwing are making him... angry.

\* \* \*

> <div>

### 3. III Blood Ties

\*\*Author's Note:\*\* In case you didn't know, I'm really terrible at updating things on time. My apologies for taking so long with this; I think Rob Zombie's remake of Halloween really hurt me when it came

to writing for the fandom. I think I'm over it now. Again, comments are always appreciated.

\* \* \*

><p><em>"Families are about love overcoming emotional torture."<em>

>-Matt Groening<p>

\* \* \*

><p>Jamie, Tina, Valerie, and Valerie's mother, Jessica, all go out for a victorious dinner at a nice little place in Historical Downtown Haddonfield. It's one of the few places that is still sixties-themed â€“ most places around the town are moving on to bigger and better decades. Jamie and Valerie enjoy the atmosphere as much as any teenager can, while Tina and Jessica find it a nice way to celebrate their hard work.<p>

Jessica is a good mother and doesn't mind her girl's strange musical taste, though she does raise some fuss about her hygiene on occasion. She doesn't mind Valerie being friends with Jamie, and has helped Tina every so often with the more motherly duties she has trouble with, being that she and Jamie are more like sisters than anything.

Tina likes this little place and orders as much as she can get away with in polite company, knowing that this will be her last time here for who knows how long. After all, Jamie's going away to college, and she has a book she needs to start working on â€“ a nice little romantic comedy. She never expected to be an author but now that she's used to it, there's no way she'll give it up.

And of course, there's that nagging voice in her head reminding her that in two days, she and Jamie will be on a plane to Colorado... A trip they might never come back from.

"So, what are you two planning on doing for your last summer?"

Jamie and Tina share a look at Jessica's question, and then Jamie says, "We're... staying in. But... but first, we're making a little... trip."

"Really?" Valerie asks, blinking, "Why didn't you tell me?"

"It was... kind of spur-of-the-moment, Val," Tina says lightly, hiding her shaking hands in her lap. "We're just going to do a little sight-seeing. Visit my folks in Colorado."

Valerie looks at them and Tina realizes that she knows where Michael's being held, but thankfully the girl says nothing.

"That sounds fun," Jessica says politely, not knowing the truth.

"Not really," Jamie says idly, taking a sip of her soda, "They're really boring. We'll be back in... We're not sure. But probably soon."

Truthfully, they had just bought one way tickets, because they didn't

know what hoops they'd have to jump through to see Michael. And there was that looming thought that maybe they won't live long enough to make the return trip...

"Well," Valerie says, giving Jamie a heavy look, "When you get back, we need to go do stuff. I'm not spending my summer locked in my room."

"There's a bunch of new CDs coming out, Valerie," Jamie responds with a grin, "I'm gonna be lucky to get you out of the house at all!"

Tina doesn't know if they'll be around to take Valerie out.

Jamie grabs her hand under the table and gives it a reassuring squeeze. It'll be fine, Tina thinks, grinning as Jessica begins to get on her daughter's case about the slowly forming dreadlocks in her hair, Everything will be fine.

\* \* \*

><p>Valerie insists that she drives them to the airport outside of Pontiac, and quite frankly neither Jamie nor Tina are going to refuse her company. Its strange how, in a few short days, the one with the least sense on her has become the voice of reason.</p>

"You guys packed everything, right?" Valerie asks for the seventh time.

"Yeah, Val," Jamie answers, also for the seventh time.

"Clothes, cigarettes?"

Tina nods and adds, "A big old can of Mace and two handguns. They should slip through security."

Valerie shrugs. "You never know. If they ask, what are you gonna say?"

"We're visiting family," Jamie deadpans.

"Do you two even know how you're going to get in? Can you get in? And are you seriously expecting to bring guns into a prison?"

"No, no, and not really."

Valerie shakes her head in disbelief. "I didn't know that taking you to the house would set you off like this, Jamie. I hope you two know what you're doing."

"No, not really," Jamie repeats, slumping down in her seat. "Wake me up when we're at the airport."

Valerie sighs and shakes her head again, skimming through her Rolling Stones CD to find something Jamie can sleep to. Tina puts an arm over Jamie's shoulders and hopes that they won't need the guns at all.

\* \* \*

><p>Chloe sighs and stares blankly at the clipboard in her hand. She

wishes the words would rearrange themselves in an order she can decipher, so that she can help Michael... but they refuse, staying in their boxes and giving no answers.<p>

Myers, Michael Audrey. Life sentence for viciously murdering fifteen known victims, with more possible. Jesus, Chloe sighs, finally putting the board away, The only reason he's here is because he tried to kill his niece and failed. If he had succeeded...

Michael has been comatose for almost two weeks now, ever since he jerked awake calling her name.

She still can't believe it. He knows her name.

Does that scare her, or please her? She's not sure. But at least now, she knows that he's receptive to conversation. Cheat on that, Jon.

"Michael," Chloe says quietly, leaning over the medical bed the man is restrained against " they wouldn't even let him have a real hospital bed, just this old metal table. "Michael, I know you're getting better. Why are you asleep now?"

She runs a hand through her hair and shakes her head. His sudden coma makes no scientific sense " it's not even a real fucking coma, for Christ's sake! It's just... like a nap. A very long sleep.

She laughs quietly, "Michael, I hope you're not playing Sleeping Beauty, because I doubt anyone's going to be kissing you to wake you up."

Chloe turns to find her scheduled visits for the rest of the day and misses Michael's hand, which clenches, just slightly. She even misses his mouthing of the name "Jamie."

\* \* \*

><p>Something is different now.<p>

She is no longer behind that strange and blurry veil that had made Michael impossible to see clearly. The voices are perfectly clear now, and she realizes that they are chanting exactly what they should be "

And that chant is scaring her uncle more than anything else.

His eyes are not wide, and he is not screaming silently over the crowd, but she can feel his fear. His eyes have already latched onto hers and she's only been here for mere seconds " he's so desperate.

Jamie, he mouths, Jamie, Jamie, Jamie.

"She doesn't love you, Michael," the voice says from the black pit of worshipers, "Not like Judith. You know what you must do."

"Kill her!" the crowd shrieks.

Michael lurches suddenly and his eyes roll.

"Let it in, Michael â€“ why do you fight it?"

"\_Let it in!\_"

His head bangs loudly against the metal table and he mouths her name again, desperately. Then, \_no, no, no.\_ Jamie. No.\_

"Stop it!" she shouts, but the crowd is still chanting, cheering at Michael, who is banging his head against the table over and over, eyes shutting tightly and then widening, looking blindly upwards.

"Let him go! \_Stop it!\_"

The crowd falls silent, but this time they are vicious and angry, not awestruck.

She races overhead and feels phantom hands grabbing at her ankles.

"I'm coming, Michael, I really am!"

He sags in his bindings and stares up at her. He mouths, \_Jamie, no, no, no. Angry, no, no, no.\_ Then, as she nearly reaches him, he mouths, \_Chloe.\_

She blinks â€“ taking maybe a split second â€“ and finds herself staring at Tina, who is holding on to her tightly. The other passengers around them are staring uneasily.

"T-T-Tina!"

Her friend hushes her and smoothes back her hair; Jamie wonders what she's done now.

"You were screaming, honey. Don't worry, you're awake now."

Jamie shudders and realizes that something is going horribly wrong. The only problem is â€“ she doesn't know if her visit will help or hurt her uncle fight them off.

She doesn't want to know who they are.

\* \* \*

><p>Michael feels the rage seeping through his mind and Jamie's gone now â€“ how can he not accept it when she's not there to tell him she's coming, she's not coming, the voice says so and even though he's all grown up that voice is still so much bigger than him â€“</p>

He hates the rage so much but it makes everything easier to handle, much easier than when he's alone and in his cell, looking out at a door that never opens, thinking of people who can never come back â€“

\_No, no, no.\_

\* \* \*

><p>They land in Colorado Springs in the evening and immediately take a shuttle to the nearby Days Inn, where Tina had made them reservations for a week. The place seems to be permanently under booked so there should be no issues with getting an extension â€“ which they probably won't need.</p>

Jamie is restless so they sit on their beds and watch a pay-per-view movie â€“ some old chick-flick that helps them get their minds off their impending visit to the prison, even if just for an hour or so.

They order overpriced burgers for dinner and call it a night sometime between midnight and one in the morning, and though Tina finds sleep fairly easy to come by, Jamie stays up. She dreads the dreams she knows she will have and the last thing she wants is to wake Tina up by screaming... But she knows also that if she isn't rested tomorrow, if anything goes wrong she might not be able to fight.

Her eyes shut slowly, resignedly, and she curls up under the blankets, hoping that maybe tonight she'll be left alone.

\* \* \*

><p>The dark pit is empty and utterly silent.</p>

She is where she has always been, standing across the room from her uncle, who is still bound to the metal table, but something is horribly wrong.

She moves quietly and quickly from her place to the raised dais. Michael is on, and takes in his appearance with fear and revulsion. He is sagging in his restraints, eyes glazed and head drooping on his shoulder, tongue lolling from his mouth as he pants. The sound of his breath is strained and weak.

"...Michael?" she whispers, stepping forward, closer now with no fear. She can't be afraid of him, not any more. "Uncle?"

"You are far too close, little girl."

The voice echoes from around them and Michael twitches, eyes almost reaching Jamie's but not quite.

"You have been making our duties far more difficult than they should have been. If only poor little Michael had killed you all those years ago... he wouldn't be suffering like this. Wouldn't be fighting me."

The voice chuckles now, and Jamie steps near the edge of the dais, confused and a little scared.

"But in the end, you've done nothing but delay the inevitable. Michael!"

The bonds on Michael's table slip away, falling to the ground soundlessly. The Shape lurches forward on unsteady feet and slowly rises to full height, eyes blank and mouth set in a firm line, though his breathing is still labored.

"You know what you must do, Michael... Kill her here â€“ and then you

may return to do it all over again."

The Shape slowly moves forward and, being on the edge of the platform, Jamie has nowhere to go. His face is whiter now and she realizes that the mask " the mask is coming back "

He reaches his arms out, hands ready to wrap around her neck like a vice, and she reaches out and grabs his wrists tightly. She knows she can't stop him, if he's about to kill her, but still "

"Uncle!" she cries, feeling his hands touch skin.

He hesitates.

"Michael," Jamie whispers, "I'm " I'm almost there, please " just " I'm almost to you! Don't let him " don't let it..."

"\_Michael!\_" the voice roars.

He stares at her and then, with a force she didn't expect, he shoves himself away from her, grabbing his head and letting out a soundless shriek, back hitting the table and restraints sliding back into place.

He chokes, struggles, pulls at the restraints but they do not budge, and his face " no longer pale and mask-like " contorts in animalistic fear, his fight-or-flight response triggered to no avail.

"Michael-!"

He turns to her and says, soundlessly, \_Jamie, hurry, no no no, hurry hurry.\_

And then he screams aloud.

\* \* \*

><p>Tina wakes up to Jamie shaking her violently " the clock on the desk across from her bed reads four-twenty-three. <em>Barely even four hours of sleep... How can she do it?<em>

"Jamie... it's like four in the-"

"We have to go now!"

Tina sits up and stares at Jamie in confusion. "What do you mean, now? It's four in the morning, Jamie " there won't be anyone there."

"We have to! He's " they're " he's in trouble, I need to " there's a woman, Chloe, she must be " we need to go now, Tina!"

"What do you mean " who's in trouble? Who's Chloe?" Jamie is near hyperventilating so the older woman grabs her arms firmly and exclaims, "Jesus, Jamie, calm down and talk to me!"

Jamie takes deep breaths and falls gracelessly back to sit on her

bed, feet tapping in anxiousness. "Michael. He's... They have him. They almost have him and " and he said \_hurry\_. He needs " Tina!"

Tina knows that her face must be showing all the fear in her soul, but she can't help it. Her little girl is talking like " like a maniac. Like that Loomis guy, but instead of wanting Michael \_dead\_, she wants him...

"Tina, I know it sounds " I know I sound insane but you've gotta listen to me!"

"...Okay. Okay, I'm all ears."

Jamie nearly jumps off the bed but forces herself down, feet skimming the carpet as she swings them back and forth.

"It's... he needs me, Tina, and... And I think if we don't get there, that " he's going to kill again."

"Jesus!" Tina breathes, eyes widening even more than they already are.

"It's... I don't know how to explain it, but... He doesn't want to. I can't tell you why, I can't get into his head like... like before. But he told me to hurry, Tina, and they're trying to make him... \_angry\_ again. I don't know, Tina. I'm sorry; I can't explain it to you any better than that. Just... you've got to believe me!"

Tina stands slowly, pacing to the television and back again. "He \_told\_ you? But... Jamie, he's... He doesn't talk."

The little girl sighs and says, "When I was... when I couldn't talk, I learned how syllables look when you say them. It's easier for people to read your lips when you know how words look. And he said... He said, 'Jamie, hurry, no no no.'"

"That could mean " that could mean \_don't\_ hurry! That could mean \_don't\_ come!"

"Its how you lay the words out. Tina, you write, you know that."

Tina \_does\_ know. And she knows that they're leaving the hotel tonight. But it doesn't mean she can't try to deny it " deny her ward's connection to her manic uncle, deny her intelligence and her knowledge of what's going on.

"Get dressed," she says finally, "We'll talk in the car."

Jamie leaps to her suitcase and Tina knows they've made a bad choice in coming to Colorado.

\* \* \*

><p>Chloe struggles around the surge of orderlies, going for the tranquilizers in the top right cabinet. Michael had started to have a seizure only a moment ago, and the room is already filled with guards, doctors, psychiatrists and nurses, all trying to do six different things at once. She knows that some of them are far more

qualified than her to deal with Michael, but...<p>

Well, he knows her name, not theirs.

"Out of my way!" she shrieks, pushing through the mass of people around the table as she readies a shot, "Clear out, clear out!"

"Rask, as your superior-!"

She knocks her own boss aside and administers an unhealthily large dose of tranquilizer to Michael, bringing him slowly down from his spasms before he chokes on his own tongue. She whirls, faces the crowd of gaping faces, and points with a shaking finger to the door.

"\_Out.\_"

All but two guards, another nurse, and her boss leave, shuffling out with wary glances behind them.

"Chloe Pierson Rask, where did you get the nerve to take over in the middle of a high-tension situation?"

Chloe turns, checks Michael's pulse, and tosses over her shoulder, "No one else was." She adds, once she's certain Michael's spasms have stopped for the time-being, "Besides, I just saved our patient from choking on his own tongue. Let's not be too quick to judge my actions."

"Your actions aren't what's worrying me â€“ I think you're getting... attached to this case."

"What do you mean, attached? This is Michael Myers â€“ the last thing he needs is someone attached to him."

One of the guards quips, "We all know what happens to those people."

Before Chloe or her boss can reply, however, there's a strange noise down the hall. It very nearly sounds like gunshots.

"What on Earth-?"

The alarms sweep through the medical ward, auxiliary warning lights flashing red and sirens wailing from the intercoms, and Chloe sees Michael twitch. She's not sure how he can possibly move, after the amount of tranquilizers he was given, but there's no time to contemplate it; Jon is grabbing her, and she and her boss are being escorted out of the ward.

"We can't just leave him-!"

"We can and we will. We deserve to live, not him!"

Chloe is dragged through the halls away from her charge, who twitches again and opens his eyes.

"...Jamie..."

End  
file.